

ZOMBIES AND TUPPERWARE

by Kamron Klitgaard

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A One Act Dark Comedy

by Kamron Klitgaard

SYNOPSIS: It's Karen's first day at her new job at the mortuary. As she learns to prep her first dead body, she is visited by her mismatched group of friends made up of two hippies, a punk rocker, two nerds, and her nauseatingly lovey-dovey boyfriend. The two hippies ignorantly gargle some embalming fluid, setting off a chemical reaction within their bodies, which slowly turns them into the undead. They unwittingly spread the chemicals to the bodies kept in the freezers. With the help of the mortuary manager and the doctor who lives next door, the group must find an antidote before the zombies can infect them all and, eventually, the entire world.

DURATION: 30 minutes

TIME: The present.

SETTING: The embalming room of a funeral parlor.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male, 13 either)

MR./MRS. MORGAN (m/f).....The Morgue Operator. Wears a lab coat.
(52 lines)

KAREN (f).....A new employee at the morgue. Super
happy all the time. (39 lines)

WHISPER (m/f).....Karen's hippie friend. Stuck in the
1960's. (30 lines)

PEACE (m/f).....Karen's hippie friend. Stuck in the
1960's. (24 lines)

CHAINSAW (m/f).....Angry punk rocker with spiked hair. (28
lines)

MIKE (m).....Preppie and happy. (25 lines)

GIMLEY (m/f).....A classic nerd. White shirt, extremely
short tie, glasses, and suspenders. Pants
are extremely high. (29 lines)

HYDROGEN (m/f).....A smart nerd with lots of Tupperware. (26
lines)

DOC GRIFFIN (m/f)	A doctor who lives next door to the mortuary. <i>(31 lines)</i>
THE BODY (m/f)	A body that lies on the embalming table until reanimated.
ZOMBIE 1 (m/f)	A captured and interrogated zombie, wears a hospital gown. <i>(11 lines)</i>
ZOMBIE 2 (m/f)	A captured and interrogated zombie, wears a hospital gown. <i>(11 lines)</i>
ZOMBIE 3 (m/f)	Freezer zombie, wears a hospital gown. <i>(7 lines)</i>
ZOMBIE 4 (m/f)	Freezer zombie, wears a hospital gown. <i>(7 lines)</i>
ZOMBIE 5 (m/f)	Freezer zombie, wears a hospital gown. <i>(7 lines)</i>

CAST NOTES: Except for Mike and Karen, all parts can be either gender with simple pronoun switches in the script.

SET DESCRIPTION

The embalming room of a mortuary. There are three entrances. One leads outside, another to the office, and the other leads to the freezer room. A small table with buckets and tools. There is an embalming table in the center of the room which has a box at the head with four surgical-like tubes connected to it. THE BODY lies on the table completely covered by a sheet. The entrances/exits do not need to be doors, they simply could be curtains that serve to separate the three different entrance/exit areas.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

When Mr. Morgan and Karen are hooking up the embalming machine, they do not need to use real needles. Just use medical tape to secure the tubing to the Body's arms. The embalming machine can be as simple as a painted cardboard box with a couple of rubber tubes coming out of it.

The set and props do not need to look real. It's that kind of show!

COSTUMES

MR. MORGAN – Lab coat

KAREN – Preppie clothes

WHISPER – 1960s hippie clothes

PEACE – 1960s hippie clothes

CHAINSAW – Punk rocker clothes with mohawk

MIKE – Preppie clothes

GIMLEY – Nerd clothes with shirt, short tie, high pants, suspenders

HYDROGEN – Nerd clothes

DOC GRIFFIN – Lab coat or doctor clothes

THE BODY – Hospital gown

ZOMBIES – Hospital gowns

PROPS ONSTAGE

- a table on which The Body lies
- sheet for table
- an embalming machine box with several tubes
- tape
- embalming fluid bottle
- 2 glasses
- chemical bottles
- aerosol can

PROPS BROUGHT ON

- A bag to hold Tupperware
- 7 Tupperware containers
- gum
- gummy bears
- pretzels
- Jaw Breakers
- cashews
- M&Ms
- Swedish Fish
- doctor's bag
- stethoscope
- thermometer

AT START: *KAREN and MR. MORGAN enter from the freezer room. THE BODY lies on the table, completely covered by a sheet.*

MR. MORGAN: Alright, Karen. This is where we embalm the bodies.

KAREN: Mr. Mogan, what does that mean, “embalm the bodies?”

MR. MORGAN: Funny you should ask. Take a look under that sheet.

KAREN and MR. MORGAN approach the table.

KAREN: Is that what I think it is?

MR. MORGAN: Sure is.

KAREN: Wow. This is great! *(Pulls the sheet down off the top of the body and jumps back.)* Aaaaah! That’s not a puppy!

MR. MORGAN: A puppy? Of course not. That’s your first dead body.

KAREN: *(Trying not to look scared.)* Dead body? What’s it doing here?

MR. MORGAN: It needs to be embalmed. That’s our job.

KAREN: *(Trying hard to be happy.)* If I had known there were gonna be dead bodies involved, I would’ve applied for this job sooner.

MR. MORGAN: Don’t be scared. You get used to them. Let me show you.

KAREN: I’ve never seen a dead body before.

MR. MORGAN: Don’t worry, it’s just like a live body... only dead.

KAREN: *(Happy.)* Oh, that doesn’t sound too bad. Are its earlobes squishy?

MR. MORGAN: Uh... I’m not sure. Now, what we’re gonna do is drain all the blood out and replace it with the embalming fluid. That way the body lasts longer so they can have the funeral. Otherwise, the body would start to... well, you ever been to the dump?

KAREN: *(Super happy.)* That’s disgusting. Okay, what do we do?

MR. MORGAN: Well, the first thing we do is break down the rigor mortis.

KAREN: *(Starts dancing.)* Okay, cool. Let’s break it down.

MR. MORGAN: No, no. That’s not what I mean. Rigor mortis is when the muscles stiffen up because of the lack of oxygen. If we loosen up the muscles, the fluid will flow easier and quicker. It’s an old embalmers’ trick. Watch.

MR. MORGAN grabs THE BODY'S wrist and moves the arm back and forth, bending it at the elbow.

KAREN: Lemme try! *(Takes MR. MORGAN'S place.)* Wow, it's tight.

MR. MORGAN: The flexing works out the stiffness.

KAREN: Yeah, piece of cake. Say, Mr. Morgan, you said you've worked here for years. What's the weirdest thing you've ever seen?

MR. MORGAN: Besides you? Just kidding, kid. One time, they brought this body in and put him right here on this table. I started working on him and suddenly he sat right up. Scared the bajeebbers outta me.

KAREN: He wasn't dead?

MR. MORGAN: Oh, no. He was stone cold dead. Reflexes. See, a body can still move long after it's dead. You hit the right nerve, tug on the right tendon and whoop! You gotta sitter. But this is the creepiest part. He opened his eyes and then his mouth dropped open. Then his head tilted over slowly so that he was looking right at me.

Horror floods KAREN'S face. Suddenly, the arm of THE BODY on the table raises straight up in the air. KAREN and MR. MORGAN both scream and jump away from the table.

MR. MORGAN: Reflexes! It's just reflexes. Nothing to worry about.
(Lowers the arm back to the table.)

KAREN: I think this job is too tense for me.

MR. MORGAN: Nah. You'll get used to it. Let's start the embalming.
(Leads KAREN to the head of the table.) Alrighty, this tube is connected to this needle here. See? Now, we insert the needle into one of his veins like this. *(Takes the needle and inserts it into THE BODY'S arm and tapes it down.)* The embalming fluid will be pumped from the machine, into the tube, through the needle and directly into his veins. Now grab that other tube and take it over to the other arm. *(KAREN does it.)* Good, now see if you can insert that needle into the same vein just like I did.

KAREN: I get it! This tube pushes the embalming fluid through the veins which pushes the blood out through that arm, through the tube, and into a container inside the machine. What do you do with all the blood?

MR. MORGAN: We use it to water the plants. Just kidding, kid. Some disposal company picks it up. Let's turn it on. *(Turns the machine on.)*

KAREN: It's quiet.

MR. MORGAN: Don't wanna wake the dead. Alright, I'm gonna go check the rest of our training schedule. You stay here and watch the body. The machine shuts off automatically, so just make sure the body doesn't sit up and run away.

MR. MORGAN exits to the freezer room. KAREN moves THE BODY'S arm up and down again. WHISPER and PEACE enter from the outside entrance and behind KAREN, who doesn't see them. WHISPER and PEACE decide to sneak up on KAREN. They advance slowly and stop behind her. They see THE BODY and stop, staring at it. PEACE leans her arm on KAREN'S shoulder. KAREN screams, which makes WHISPER and PEACE scream. KAREN, WHISPER, and PEACE look at each other and scream again. They stop to breathe.

KAREN: What are you guys doing?

WHISPER: We're here to pick you up, remember? It's almost nine o'clock and we're going to the Tie-Dye club.

PEACE: Yeah, the rest of the gang is right behind us.

WHISPER: What is that?

KAREN: That's my first dead body.

PEACE: *(Holds the tube up.)* Far out, man.

KAREN: *(Snatches the tube out of PEACE'S hand.)* I'm doing my first embalming. You guys are gonna get me into trouble on my first day of work.

WHISPER: The door was open, man.

MR. MORGAN enters from the freezer room.

MR. MORGAN: What's going on?

KAREN: Sorry, Mr. Morgan. These are my friends. This is Whisper and this is Peace.

WHISPER: Keep on truckin', man.

PEACE: I like your outfit. Far out, man.

KAREN: They're from the 1960s.

MR. MORGAN: The sixties sucked. Karen, it's actually illegal to have non-employees in the embalming room.

WHISPER: Hey, man. It's not her fault. The door was unlocked.

PEACE: Yeah, so we figured, you know, that was, like, an invitation.

KAREN: I'm really sorry about this, Mr. Morgan.

MR. MORGAN: It's alright. Karen, let's show you how to shut down, and then you can get out of here.

PEACE: Do you want me to help, man?

MR. MORGAN: No. You two just stay here. We'll be back in a few minutes. And don't touch anything!

MR. MORGAN and KAREN exit to the office.

WHISPER: Sure, man. No problem. Sheesh—what a stiff.

PEACE: Speaking of stiff. Check this guy out.

WHISPER: Those are some gnarly tubes. Whataya think they're for?

PEACE: I dunno. *(Pulls a liquid container from behind the embalming machine labeled embalming fluid.)* Check it out. It says "Embalming Fluid."

WHISPER: Isn't that the stuff that Maraschino cherries are stored in?

PEACE: I love Maraschino cherries! When I was a kid, I used to gargle that stuff! *(Pulls out two glasses from behind the embalming machine.)* Dude, two glasses!

WHISPER: Radical. We gotta get jobs here.

PEACE and WHISPER pour the embalming fluid into the glasses and then clink the glasses together. They gargle the fluid. Then it tastes so bad that they spit it out in their glasses. They gag, cough, choke and then sit down together at the side of the table with the embalming fluid bottle in their hand. They are spent.

PEACE: That was totally disgusting.

CHAINSAW and MIKE enter from outside. They see THE BODY on the table and approach it. WHISPER and PEACE don't hear them.

CHAINSAW: *(Angrily.)* What's his problem?!

MIKE: I think he's dead.

CHAINSAW: *(Lifts THE BODY'S arm up and drops it.)* Serves him right!

MIKE: *(Spots WHISPER and PEACE at the side of the table.)* There they are.

CHAINSAW and MIKE walk around the table.

CHAINSAW: What do you think you're doing?!

WHISPER: Hey, Chainsaw. Hey, Mike. Yuck!

PEACE: Yeah, Yuck!

WHISPER: I feel really weird.

PEACE: Totally. Those cherries were sour.

CHAINSAW: I hate that hippie crap. Get up!

WHISPER: Am I sensing some negative vibes, here?

MIKE: Yeah, we're supposed to be going to that club you told us about. The Tie-Dye Club.

CHAINSAW: It's got the word "Die" in it, so it's gotta be good.

MIKE: Do you guys know there's a dead body on this table?

WHISPER: He gargled before us.

GIMLEY and HYDROGEN enter from outside.

GIMLEY: Chainsaw, you guys said you'd be right out.

CHAINSAW: *(Sarcastic.)* Ooo, I'm in trouble now.

HYDROGEN: *(Pulls a Tupperware container out of a bag, opens it, and pulls out a stick of gum.)* Who wants gum?

GIMLEY: *(Points at the body.)* It's a stiff!!!

HYDROGEN: Run!

GIMLEY and HYDROGEN run around in panic, screaming. GIMLEY runs into CHAINSAW, who grabs him around the neck. HYDROGEN stops and watches.

CHAINSAW: Shut up, you nerds!

GIMLEY: *(Being choked by CHAINSAW.)* But there's a dead body right there.

CHAINSAW: We are in a mortuary, you idiots! This is where they keep dead bodies!

MIKE: Yeah, there're probably a lot of them here.

PEACE: He won't hurt you, man.

GIMLEY: *(Still being choked.)* Please, Mr. Chainsaw, sir, you're choking me.

CHAINSAW: Why did we let these nerds come along anyway?

HYDROGEN: Because I'm the only one that has a car.

CHAINSAW: *(Releases GIMLEY who gasps for air.)* I'm not sure your mom's minivan counts as a car.

GIMLEY: Our first time in a club. I'm so excited.

HYDROGEN: That's not actually true. Remember when we were playing the Zorin Campaign, that town just outside of the Goblin fortress? The Dancing Dragon? Technically, that was a club.

GIMLEY: Yeah, but a bunch of Ogres and Trolls broke in and attacked us before we could actually dance.

CHAINSAW: What in the crap on a Popsicle stick are you taking about?

HYDROGEN: Dungeons and Dragons.

GIMLEY: You guys, what about the dead body!

MIKE: It won't hurt you. Watch. *(Steps behind THE BODY, sits it up, and then makes its arm wave.)* Hi, Gimley.

GIMLEY and HYDROGEN: *(Waves back.)* Hi.

CHAINSAW: You two are a bunch of sissies.

HYDROGEN: Zero charisma!

CHAINSAW: *(Grabs HYDROGEN by the collar.)* You're gonna end up on this table!

GIMLEY: Pikachu, I choose you!

MR. MORGAN and KAREN enter from the office.

MR. MORGAN: Hey, what is going on?! Who are you people?

CHAINSAW releases HYDROGEN.

KAREN: Angel Drawers!

MIKE: Num, Num Earlobes!

MIKE and KAREN rush to each other and embrace. Holding each other during the following dialogue.

KAREN: I've missed you so much, my little Angel Drawers!

MIKE: I've missed you too, my little Num, Num Earlobes!

CHAINSAW: Num, Num Earlobes?! I do not want to live!!!

MIKE: Have you seen her earlobes? They're so num, num. I just want to squish them. *(Pinches KAREN'S earlobe romantically.)* Squish. Squish. See? Num, num!

MR. MORGAN: I take it these are your other friends. Listen, I'm sorry, but you guys are gonna have to—*(Notices WHISPER and PEACE.)* Hey, what are you doing with that embalming fluid?! Did you drink this?! I mean, it's okay if you drank it. You just don't want to gargle with it.

PEACE and WHISPER: Whaaaaaaaaa!

PEACE: Yes, we gargled! He's right. It's starting to burn.

WHISPER: Yeah, is it hot in here?

MR. MORGAN: Karen, put that embalming fluid away.

KAREN and MIKE, keeping their embrace, shuffle over to the embalming fluid bottle and take it from WHISPER and PEACE.

MR. MORGAN: Do you know what you've done?

WHISPER: I went on a magical mystery tour.

MR. MORGAN: You just gargled with embalming fluid. This is gonna play havoc with your nervous system.

MIKE: Num, Num Earlobes, isn't embalming fluid the juice that Maraschino Cherries come in?

HYDROGEN: Embalming fluid is made up of isopropyl alcohol, propylene glycol, amphy, 10% buffered formalin, and liquefied phenol. *(Pulls a Tupperware container out.)* Who wants gummy bears?

PEACE: Oh man, it really burns.

WHISPER: Me too! This is so totally not gnarly.

MR. MORGAN: You know why?! Because you've absorbed the fluid through your throat. It's now flowing through your veins turning your blood into embalming fluid! AND it's only supposed to be used on the dead!

PEACE: I feel like I'm on fire!

MR. MORGAN: (*Feels PEACE'S and WHISPER'S foreheads.*) You feel cold.

WHISPER: Cold? I'm walking on the sun!

MR. MORGAN: I need to call someone. Stay with them. I'll be right back.

MR. MORGAN exits to the office.

MIKE: You two are some piece of work. Not like you, Num, Num Ear-lobes. Ah! I said lobes instead of lobes. Hee, hee.

MIKE and KAREN giggle together.

CHAINSAW: Barf! (*Gets in the faces of PEACE and WHISPER.*) You idiot hippies better not have ruined our night, or I'm crackin' skulls!

PEACE and WHISPER exhale into CHAINSAW'S face. He winces.

CHAINSAW: Ugh! Formaldehyde breath!

PEACE: Ohhh, what's wrong with us?

GIMLEY: That guy went to call someone. Probably an ambulance.

WHISPER: An ambulance? What could it be?

HYDROGEN: A large white medical transport, but that's not important right now. The thing is, you can't live with embalming fluid instead of blood.

MIKE: What do you think they're doing right now, brainiac?

HYDROGEN: Well, not for very long.

WHISPER and PEACE moan.

WHISPER: My arm is stiff!

KAREN: Help her, my little Angel Drawers.

MIKE breaks his embrace with KAREN and walks toward WHISPER.

KAREN: Mike! I'll miss you.

MIKE: I'll miss you too, my little Num, Num Earlobes.

MIKE kneels down by WHISPER and massages her arm.

WHISPER: Yeow! Stop that, you psychopath!

PEACE: I think I'm gonna be sick.

MIKE, GIMLEY, HYDROGEN, CHAINSAW, and KAREN take a step back.

GIMLEY: Go ahead and throw up. We won't tell anyone.

HYDROGEN: Regurgitating might make you feel better.

PEACE puts her hand to her mouth and gets up, a little sore. WHISPER follows. They exit to the office running as MR. MORGAN enters from the office.

MR. MORGAN: Where are they going?

Offstage sound of WHISPER and PEACE throwing up.

MR. MORGAN: Oh. *(Looking off stage at them.)* Not on my desk! There's a trash can.

More vomiting.

MR. MORGAN: Not the rug! Oh, man! That was my dinner. Don't step in it. You'll track it all over. Don't open that! That's not a sink!

WHISPER and PEACE enter from the office, exhausted. They stand still, look at each other, cover their mouths, then exit to the freezer room, running. Biggest vomiting sounds yet.

MR. MORGAN: Oh man, they both just yakked in the cooling system.

HYDROGEN: That's alright. We don't need air-conditioning.

MR. MORGAN: No, it's the cooling system for the bodies. I'm gonna be in big trouble.

WHISPER and PEACE enter from the freezer room.

KAREN: Feel better?

WHISPER: It still burns. And I'm stiff.

MR. MORGAN: *(Helps them sit. GIMLEY helps too.)* Here. Sit down.

GIMLEY: Oh, man, you need to brush your teeth.

PEACE: I can't. My whole body feels stiff, like my muscles are all sore.

MR. MORGAN: Don't worry, I called Dr. Griffin. She lives right next door. That'll be fastest, and maybe we can keep this quiet.

KAREN: Well then, Mr. Morgan, while we're waiting, I'd like to introduce you to my boyfriend. This is Angel Drawers.

MR. MORGAN: Nice to meet you... Angel Drawers.

MIKE: You can call me Mike. *(Sickeningly sweet, to KAREN.)* But not you, my little Num, Num Earlobes. You call me Angel Drawers.

HYDROGEN: *(Holds up Tupperware pretzels.)* Who wants pretzels?

DOC GRIFFIN enters from outside with a doctor's bag.

DOC GRIFFIN: Good evening, everyone. I was just wallpapering my bathroom when you called.

MR. MORGAN: Doctor Griffin, thank goodness you're here. I almost called an ambulance.

DOC GRIFFIN: An ambulance? What is it?

HYDROGEN: A large white medical transport, but that's not important right now.

MR. MORGAN: Yeah, take a look at these two. They're not looking too well.

DOC GRIFFIN kneels down and examines WHISPER and PEACE.

DOC GRIFFIN: Looks like some kind of poisoning. I smell that you induced vomiting. What did they take?

MR. MORGAN: Embalming fluid.

DOC GRIFFIN: You drank embalming fluid? What, are you psychotic?

WHISPER and PEACE moan louder. DOC GRIFFIN pulls out a stethoscope and listens to WHISPER'S and PEACE'S heart and pulse.

KAREN: Uh, they didn't drink it.

DOC GRIFFIN: I think my stethoscope is broken. *(Into the stethoscope.)* Testing! *(Jumps.)* Nope, not broken. *(Listens for a heartbeat again.)* Nothing. *(Pulls out an ear thermometer and takes both temperatures of WHISPER and PEACE.)* Hmmmm.

CHAINSAW: What? What does that mean, "Hmmm?"

DOC GRIFFIN: Well, the good news is I found the problem: You have no pulse and no heartbeat.

WHISPER: *(Whiney.)* No pulse?! What do you mean, no pulse?!

PEACE: No heartbeat?! How can I not have a heartbeat?!

DOC GRIFFIN: And your body temperature is at 72 degrees.

MR. MORGAN: Room temperature.

MIKE: What does this mean?

DOC GRIFFIN: Well, technically, they're dead.

WHISPER: Dead?! I'm dead?! Then why does it hurt so much?!

DOC GRIFFIN: Well, obviously you're not dead dead, or you wouldn't be talking and moving around.

DOC GRIFFIN lifts WHISPER'S and PEACE'S arms at the same time, and they moan.

DOC GRIFFIN: Their muscles are contracting. I think rigor mortis is setting in.

WHISPER: *(Whiney.)* Rigor mortis?! I have rigor mortis?!

PEACE: I hate Rigor mortis!

KAREN: Well, what do we do for them?

DOC GRIFFIN: I'm not sure. I've never seen anything like this. You said they didn't drink the embalming fluid?

MR. MORGAN: They gargled it.

DOC GRIFFIN: They gargled it?! That's worse!

WHISPER: She made me!

PEACE: Don't blame it on peer pressure! You make your own choices!

WHISPER: This is not groovy, man!

HYDROGEN: *(Holds up a Tupperware of Jaw Breakers.)* Who wants Jaw Breakers?

GIMLEY: I don't think they are breathing.

CHAINSAW: Good. They have bad breath.

PEACE and WHISPER: We're dead! Whaaaaaaa!

DOC GRIFFIN: Now don't get all excited. You can't be really dead. You're moaning. Dead people don't moan.

Off stage sound of lots of moaning. EVERYONE freezes and listens.

HYDROGEN: What is that?

CHAINSAW: Shut up! It sounds like it's coming from the next room.

MIKE: What's in the next room?

MR. MORGAN: The freezers. It's where we keep the bodies.

GIMLEY: Oh, no! Dead bodies, right? It's dead bodies! 'Cause you don't keep live bodies in a mortuary!

HYDROGEN: Relax! You're gonna give yourself a wedgie. Someone's just gotta go check it out. Not it!

GIMLEY: Not it!

CHAINSAW: I'll go, you cowards!

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